JUNGLE JIM

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND

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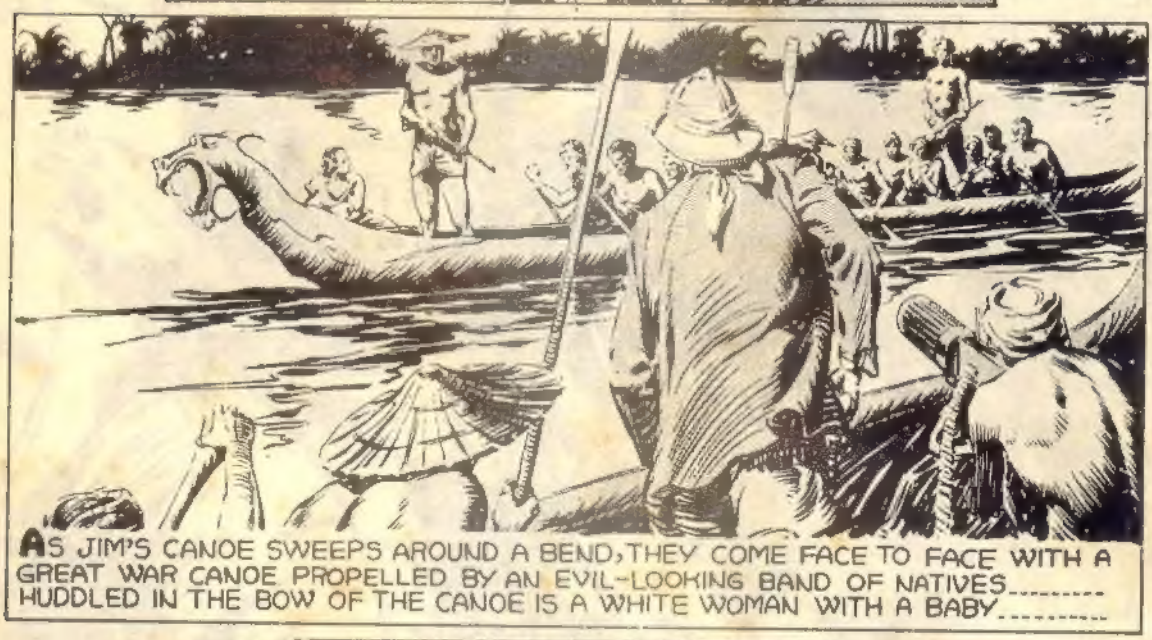
JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

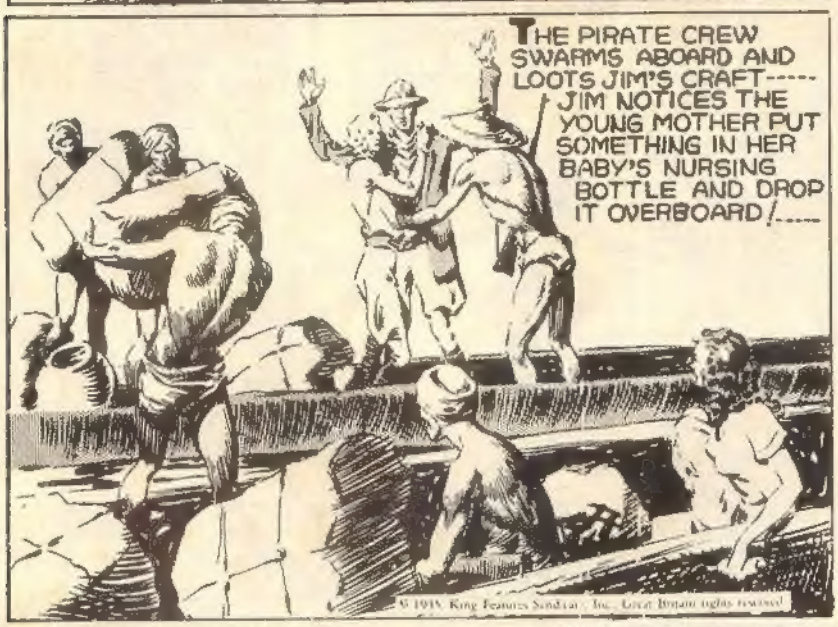
HAVING FREED THE NATIVES OF THE MI-KI VALLEY FROM THE CLUTCHES OF A NOTORIOUS CHINESE OUTLAW, JIM AND JOAN SET OUT IN A WAR CANOE FOR JIM'S CAMP.....

WE'LL FOLLOW THE RIVER TO THE FORKS, THEN WE'LL------WHAT'S THAT CHUNKING SOUND?
SOUNDS LIKE PADDLES, MASSAH--I'LL GET THAT MACHINE-GUN READY--CAN'T TELL WHAT IT MAY BE..



AS JIM'S CANOE SWEEPS AROUND A BEND, THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH A GREAT WAR CANOE PROPELLED BY AN EVIL-LOOKING BAND OF NATIVES..... HUDDLED IN THE BOW OF THE CANOE IS A WHITE WOMAN WITH A BABY.....

REALIZING THAT THE BARBAROUS CHIEFTAIN WOULD CARRY OUT HIS THREAT, JIM ORDERS KOLU TO THROW THE GUN OVERBOARD.....
7-14


THE PIRATE CREW SWARMS ABOARD AND LOOTS JIM'S CRAFT----- JIM NOTICES THE YOUNG MOTHER PUT SOMETHING IN HER BABY'S NURSING BOTTLE AND DROP IT OVERBOARD!.....
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THE PIRATES MAKE OFF WITH JIM'S BOAT AND CREW, LEAVING HIM AND JOAN STRANDED, WITHOUT FOOD OR AMMUNITION!
—NEXT WEEK—
"THE BABY'S BOTTLE"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

ENROUTE TO JIM'S CAMP, JIM AND HIS CREW ARE ATTACKED BY RIVER PIRATES, WHO HAVE A WHITE WOMAN AND HER BABY AS CAPTIVES···· CAPTURING JIM'S SUPPLIES AND MEN THEY FLEE, LEAVING JIM AND JOAN STRANDED ON THE RIVER BANK.....

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, JIM? WE HAVE NO FOOD, NO AMMUNITION----
THAT WOMAN CAPTIVE OF THE RIVER PIRATES PUT SOMETHING INTO HER BABY'S BOTTLE AND THREW IT OVERBOARD--I'M GOING TO GET IT

LISTEN TO THIS, JOAN---- "MY NAME IS PATRICIA ROMNEY--MY BABY IS SICK--PLEASE HELP ME!"
OH, JIM, HOW AWFUL! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO!

HER CLOTHES LOOKED CRISP AND FRESH, SO SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A CAPTIVE FOR LONG--THEREFORE, HER CAMP CAN'T BE FAR AWAY....
SHERLOCK HOLMES HAS NOTHING ON YOU----LET'S GO!

ONE HOUR LATER
LOOK, JOAN, DOWN IN THAT CLEARING------A CAMP!
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT LOOKS DESERTED, THOUGH--NO SIGNS OF LIFE!
7-21
GOOD NIGHT!
OH!
THIS MAN'S NAME IS CRAIG ROMNEY, THE GREAT ENGLISH EXPLORER--HE'S DEAD!
OH, JIM--- HER HUSBAND!
NEXT WEEK
"THE DIARY"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

PATRICIA ROMNEY, A WHITE WOMAN AND HER INFANT, CAPTIVES OF A BAND OF RIVER PIRATES WHO HAD STOLEN JIM'S CREW AND SUPPLIES, BEGGED JIM FOR HELP--JIM AND JOAN BEAT BACK ALONG THE RIVER 'TIL THEY COME TO MRS. ROMNEY'S CAMP--THERE THEY FIND ROMNEY AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS-------- MURDERED!.....

HIS NAME WAS CRAIG ROMNEY AND HER NAME IS PATRICIA ROMNEY--THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE-- WHAT WERE THE NAMES OF HIS ASSISTANTS?
I DON'T KNOW--HE WAS A FAMOUS ENGLISH EXPLORER--I'M CONVINCED THEY WERE ALL KILLED BY NATIVES--THE SAME MEN WHO CAPTURED MRS. ROMNEY.....

WELL, WE GAVE THEM A DECENT BURIAL, ANYHOW--LET'S HELP OURSELVES TO SOME SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION AND HIT THE TRAIL.....
JIM! LISTEN TO THIS----- "I AM CERTAIN THAT THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE OF THIS EXPEDITION DEPENDS ON THE ACTIONS OF THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHOM I FEAR--MY OWN BROTHER!"--THE SENTENCE ENDS IN A SCRAWL-----

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIS BROTHER WHO KILLED ROMNEY--YOU SAID HE HAD BEEN MURDERED BY NATIVES!
I WONDER----THAT DIARY WILL PROBABLY GIVE US A CLUE--TAKE IT WITH US--LET'S GO!
7-28

JUNGLE JIM AND JOAN PETERS SET OUT TO RESCUE MRS. ROMNEY, UNAWARE THAT A PAIR OF CRUEL, SHARP EYES ARE WATCHING THEIR EVERY MOVE!.....
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THE NATIVE SETS FIRE TO ROMNEY'S CAMP AND HITS THE TRAIL--THE SAME TRAIL TAKEN BY JIM AND JOAN!

—NEXT WEEK—
"THE INTRUDER!"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

HAVING BURIED THE MURDERED CRAIG ROMNEY AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, JIM AND JOAN, WITH ROMNEY'S DIARY TO AID THEM, SET OUT TO RESCUE PATRICIA ROMNEY AND HER BABY, WHO ARE CAPTIVES OF A BAND OF RIVER PIRATES---------

HAVING EATEN THEIR MEAL, JIM AND JOAN ROLL UP IN THEIR BLANKETS ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE FIRE AND DROP INTO THE DREAMLESS SLUMBER OF THE WEARY---

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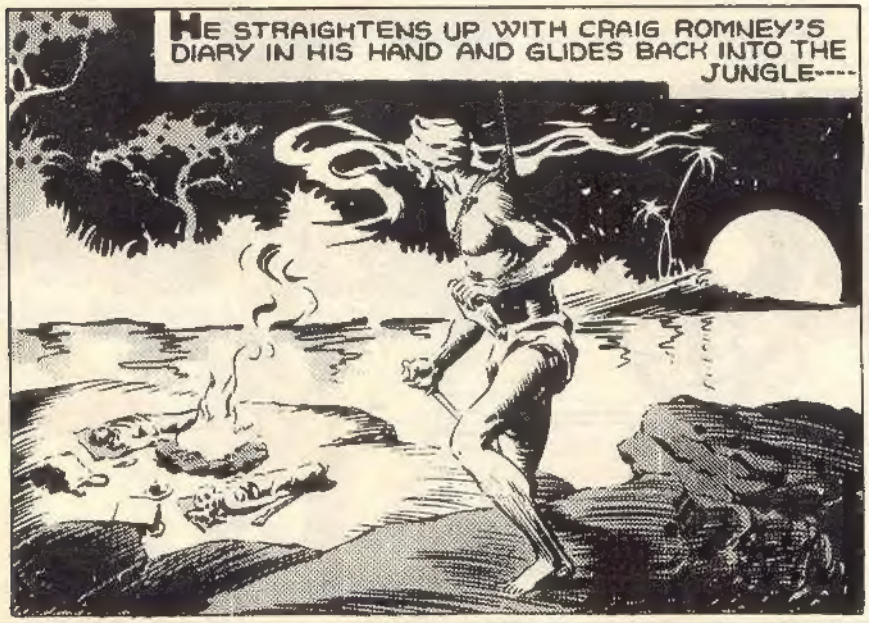
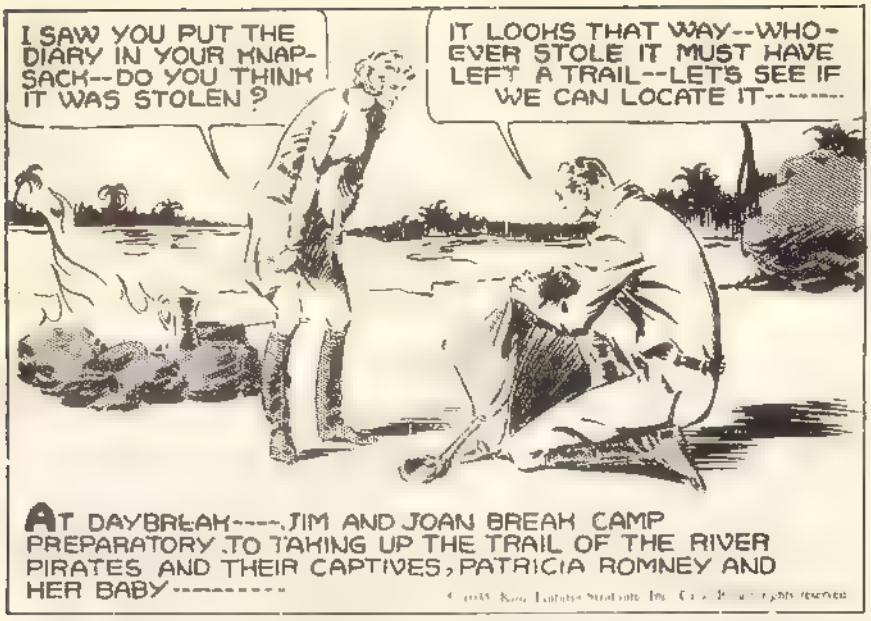


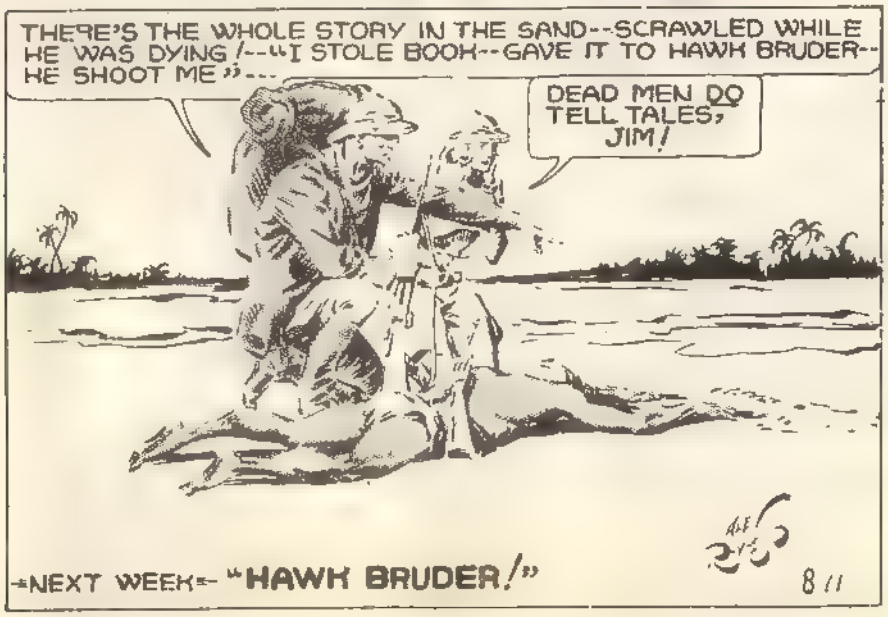
SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, HE RUNS A MILE DOWN THE RIVER WHERE A RAGGED, UNKEMPT WHITE MAN AWAITS HIS COMING!
NEXT WEEK
"DEAD MEN TELL TALES!"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

WHILE JIM AND JOAN SLEEP BY THEIR CAMPFIRE, A NATIVE STEALS THE MURDERED CRAIG ROMNEY'S DIARY, WHICH WAS TO AID JIM IN RESCUING PATRICIA ROMNEY AND HER BABY---- A MILE DOWN THE RIVER AN UNKEMPT WHITE MAN AWAITS THE NATIVE --------


I SAW YOU PUT THE DIARY IN YOUR KNAP-SACK--DO YOU THINK IT WAS STOLEN ?
IT LOOKS THAT WAY--WHO-EVER STOLE IT MUST HAVE LEFT A TRAIL--LET'S SEE IF WE CAN LOCATE IT--------
AT DAYBREAK----, JIM AND JOAN BREAK CAMP PREPARATORY TO TAKING UP THE TRAIL OF THE RIVER PIRATES AND THEIR CAPTIVES, PATRICIA ROMNEY AND HER BABY---------

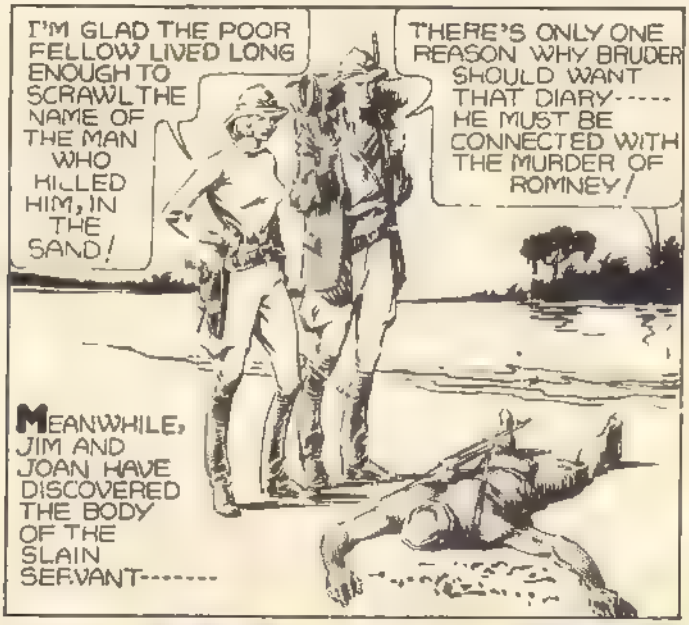
THE TRAIL IS CLEAR ENOUGH IN THIS SAND--HE WAS RUNNING
LOOK, JIM--SOMETHING STRECHED OUT ON THE SAND--IT LOOKS LIKE A MAN!


THERE'S THE WHOLE STORY IN THE SAND--SCRAWLED WHILE HE WAS DYING!--"I STOLE BOOK--GAVE IT TO HAWK BRUDER--HE SHOOT ME"---
DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES, JIM!
-NEXT WEEK- "HAWK BRUDER!"
8 11

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

THE DIARY THAT JIM HOPED TO USE IN THE RESCUE OF PATRICIA ROMNEY WAS STOLEN BY A NATIVE WHO GAVE IT TO A WHITE MAN NAMED HAWK BRUDER--BRUDER ACCEPTED THE BOOK AND KILLED THE NATIVE FOR KNOWING TOO MUCH---------

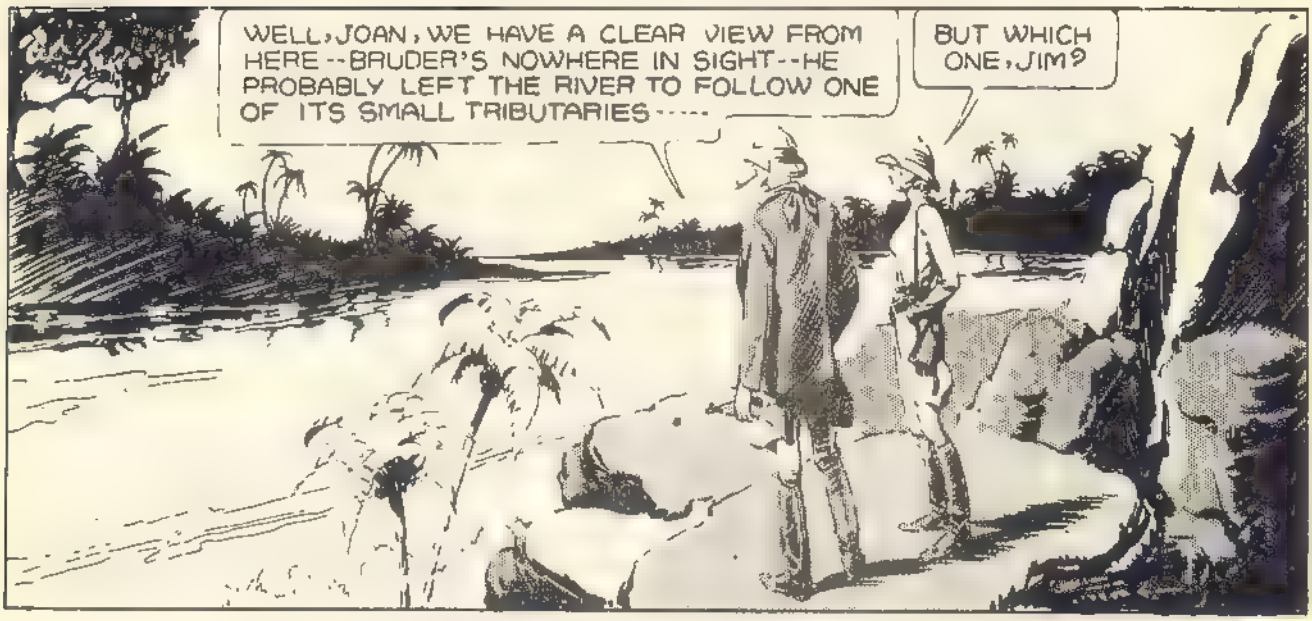
AFTER SHOOTING NA-HI, HIS NATIVE SERVANT, HAWK BRUDER PLACES THE DIARY INSIDE HIS SHIRT AND POLES ONTO THE SLUGGISH RIVER -----

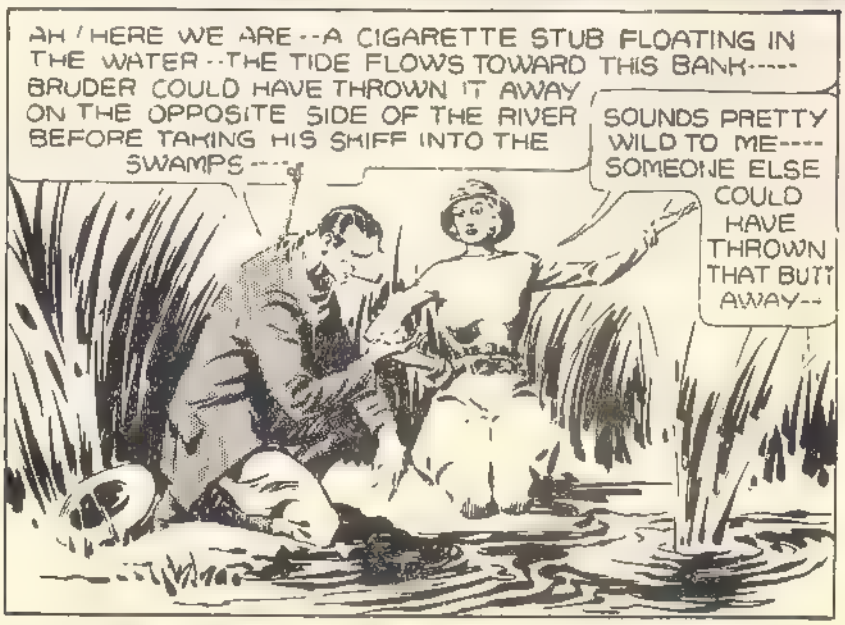

I'M GLAD THE POOR FELLOW LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SCRAWL THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM, IN THE SAND!
THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY BRUDER SHOULD WANT THAT DIARY----- HE MUST BE CONNECTED WITH THE MURDER OF ROMNEY!
MEANWHILE, JIM AND JOAN HAVE DISCOVERED THE BODY OF THE SLAIN SERVANT-------

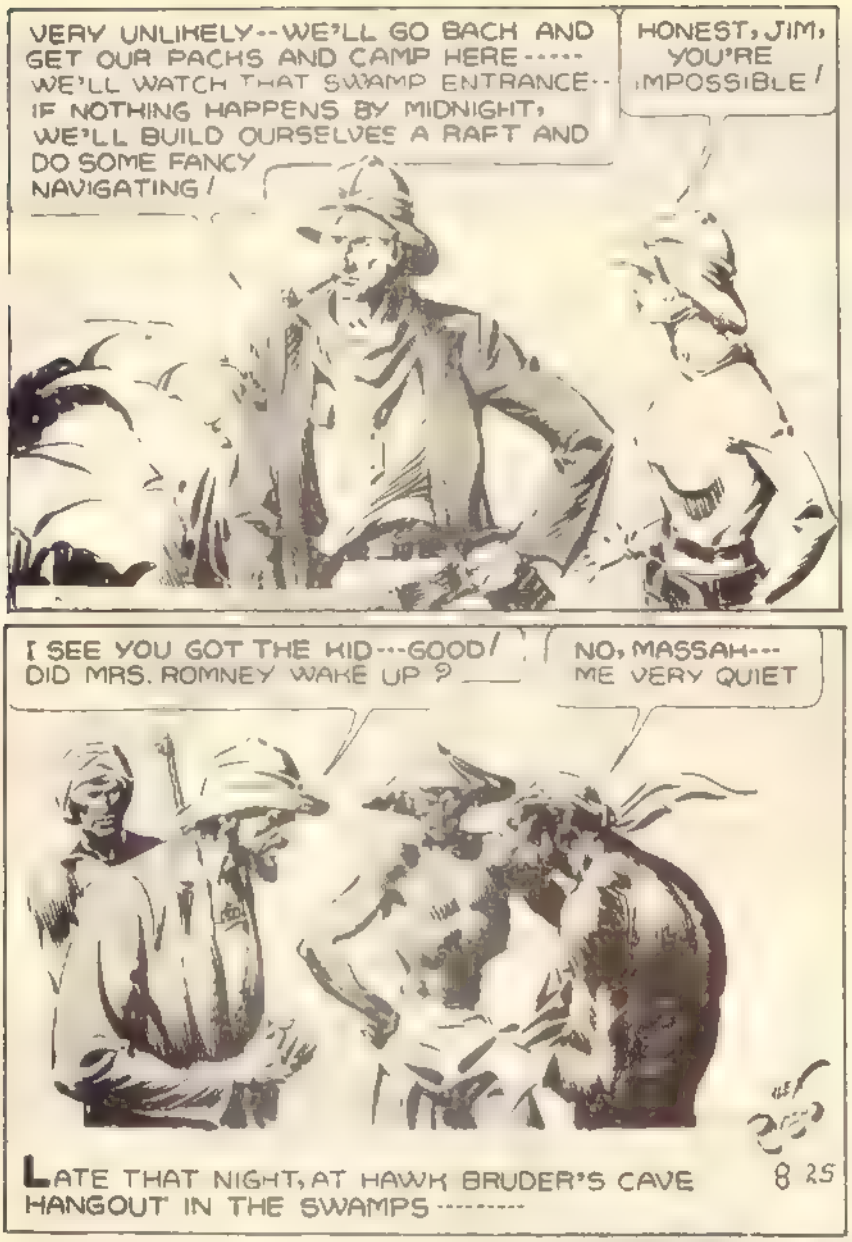
IN THE MEANTIME, HAWK BRUDER POLES HIS WAY THROUGH A STEAMING, TREACHEROUS SWAMP, TO THE ENTRANCE OF A GREAT NATURAL CAVE-------
---AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER CONFRONTS THE CAPTIVE PATRICIA ROMNEY IN HER SWELTERING CELL----
SO---IT'S YOU! YOU'RE BACK OF ALL THIS, YOU BEAST! I KNOW BETTER THAN TO EXPECT MUCH FOR MYSELF, BUT MY BABY IS VERY SICK!
YES, I'M BACK OF ALL THIS--- AND I'M GOING TO CRUSH YOU 'TIL YOU GROVEL AT MY FEET---DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BRAT--HE'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF--- OH, YES!
8-18
—NEXT WEEK—
"HAWK BRUDER'S REVENGE!"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

HAVING STOLEN THE MURDERED CRAIG ROMNEY'S DIARY FROM JIM, HAWK BRUDER SUCCEEDS IN THROWING HIM OFF HIS TRAIL AND ESCAPING TO HIS HIDEOUT IN THE SWAMPS--HE PRESENTS HIMSELF TO PATRICIA ROMNEY, HIS CAPTIVE, AND THREATENS HER AND HER BABY ----


WELL, JOAN, WE HAVE A CLEAR VIEW FROM HERE--BRUDER'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT--HE PROBABLY LEFT THE RIVER TO FOLLOW ONE OF ITS SMALL TRIBUTARIES-----
BUT WHICH ONE, JIM?


AH! HERE WE ARE--A CIGARETTE STUB FLOATING IN THE WATER--THE TIDE FLOWS TOWARD THIS BANK----- BRUDER COULD HAVE THROWN IT AWAY ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER BEFORE TAKING HIS SKIFF INTO THE SWAMPS----
SOUNDS PRETTY WILD TO ME---- SOMEONE ELSE COULD HAVE THROWN THAT BUTT AWAY--


VERY UNLIKELY--WE'LL GO BACK AND GET OUR PACKS AND CAMP HERE----- WE'LL WATCH THAT SWAMP ENTRANCE-- IF NOTHING HAPPENS BY MIDNIGHT, WE'LL BUILD OURSELVES A RAFT AND DO SOME FANCY NAVIGATING!
HONEST, JIM, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!

LATE THAT NIGHT, AT HAWK BRUDER'S CAVE HANGOUT IN THE SWAMPS--------

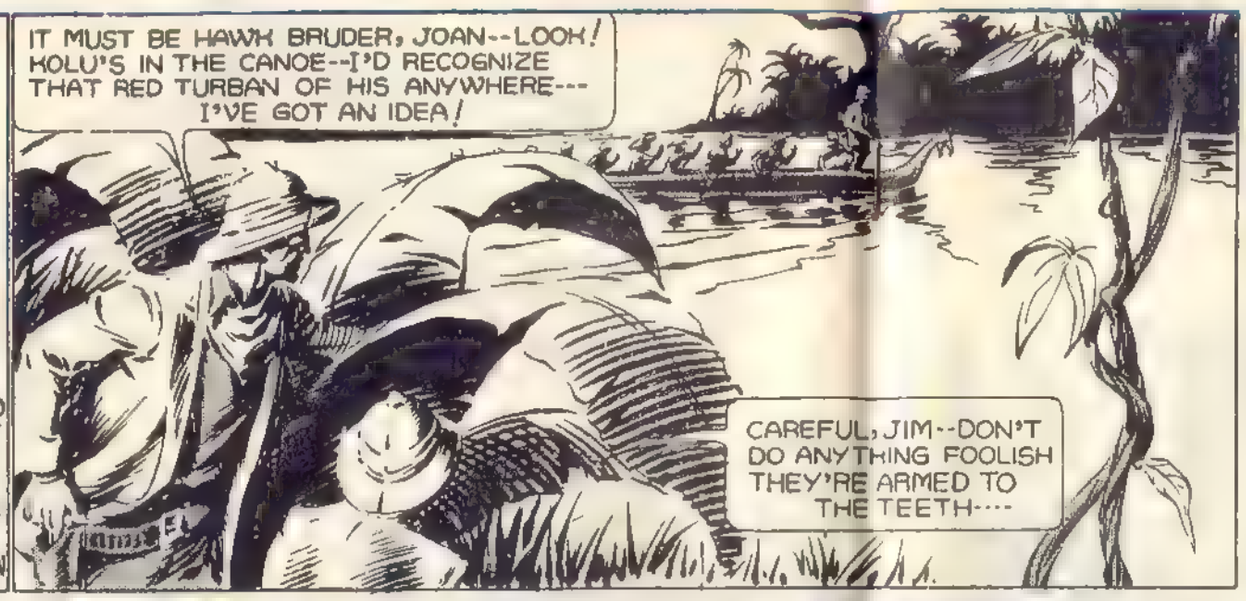
8 25

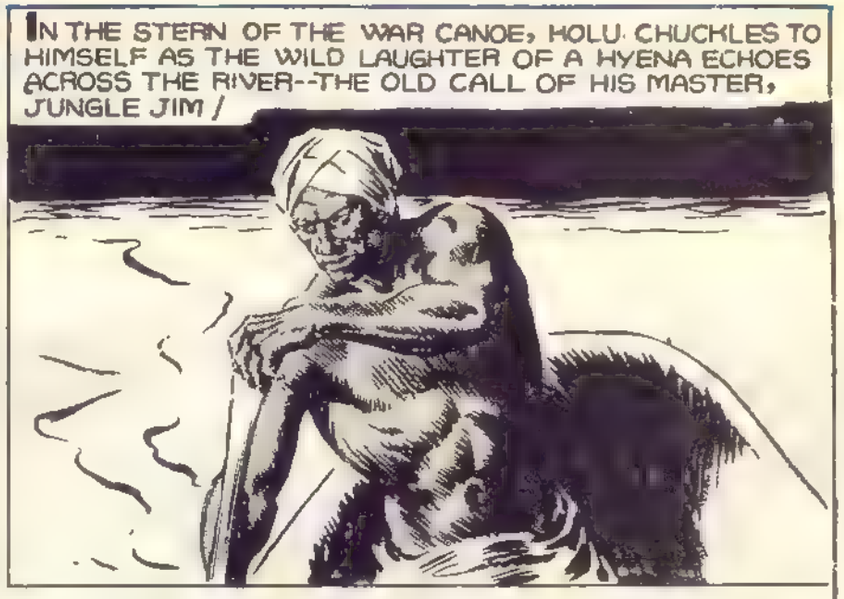
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT, A WAR CANOE GLIDES FROM THE SWAMPS INTO THE RIVER-IN THE BOW STANDS HAWK BRUDER-CROUCHED BEHIND HIM A NATIVE HOLDS PATRICIA ROMNEY'S INFANT--

NEXT WEEK "THE JUNGLE CALL"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

FINDING A CIGARETTE STUB FLOATING ON THE RIVER OPPOSITE A SWAMP, JIM DECIDES THAT HAWK BRUDER AND HIS RIVER PIRATES MUST BE HIDING THEREIN---HE AND JOAN DECIDE TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS ----SUDDENLY, A WAR CANOE GLIDES INTO VIEW


IT MUST BE HAWK BRUDER, JOAN--LOOK! KOLU'S IN THE CANOE--I'D RECOGNIZE THAT RED TURBAN OF HIS ANYWHERE--- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
CAREFUL, JIM--DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH THEY'RE ARMED TO THE TEETH----


IN THE STERN OF THE WAR CANOE, KOLU CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF AS THE WILD LAUGHTER OF A HYENA ECHOES ACROSS THE RIVER--THE OLD CALL OF HIS MASTER, JUNGLE JIM!

KOLU LEAPS FORWARD AND PUNCHES THE MAN AHEAD OF HIM--THE ENRAGED NATIVE LUNGES AT KOLU WITH A DRAWN DAGGER--KOLU TOPPLES OVERBOARD----------

HAWK BRUDER'S GUN LEAPS FROM ITS HOLSTER, SPITTING FLAME--THE LUCKLESS NATIVE TOPPLES OVERBOARD, A BULLET HOLE IN HIS FOREHEAD----------

AS THE CANOE SWEEPS AROUND A BEND, KOLU CLASPS THE HAND OF HIS BELOVED MASTER-----

KOLU, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES--THAT WAS A CLEVER STUNT YOU PULLED
MASSAH JIM, WE CAN'T WASTE TIME--HAWK BRUDER HAS MRS. ROMNEY'S BABY--WE MUST SAVE IT!

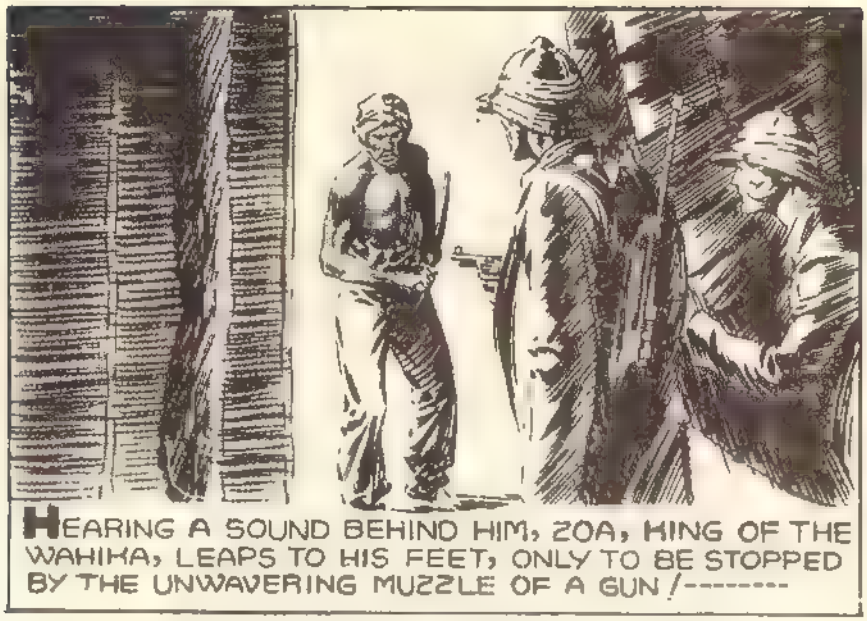
NEXT WEEK:-

A DIABOLICAL SCHEME

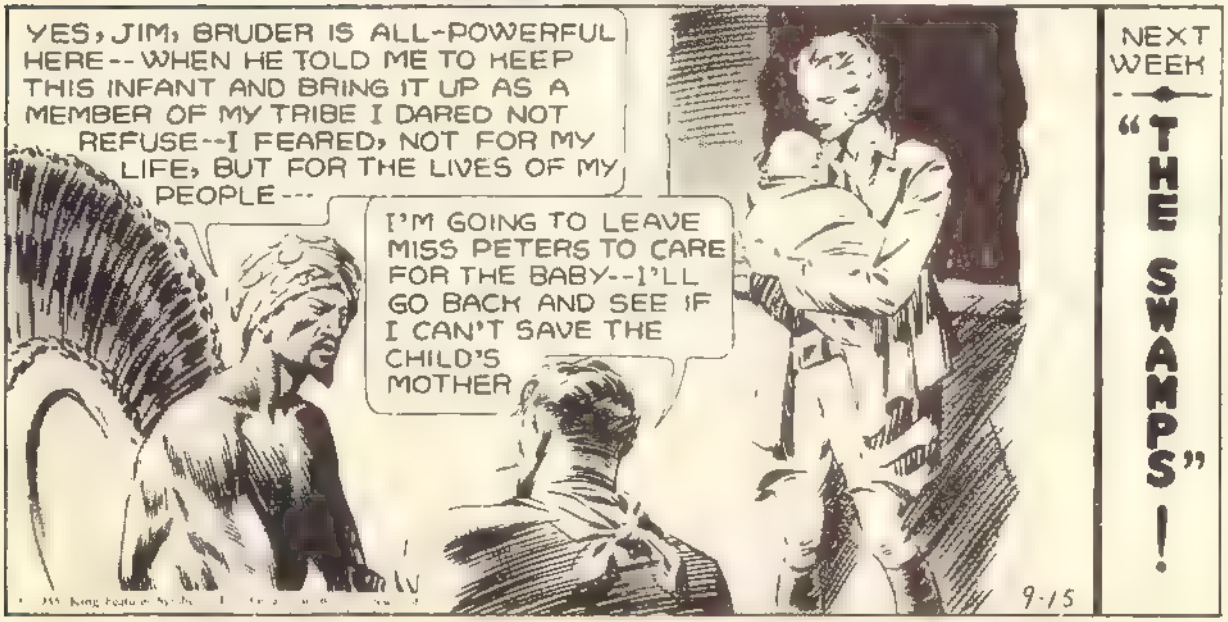
JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

HAWK BRUDER, HAVING KIDNAPED PATRICIA'S BABY, BRINGS HIM TO A NATIVE CHIEFTAIN AND ORDERS THAT HE BE BROUGHT UP AS A NATIVE WARRIOR, NEVER TO SEE HIS MOTHER AGAIN------- JUNGLE JIM, FOREWARNED BY KOLU, IS ON HIS WAY TO THE VILLAGE------

OH, JIM, WE'RE TOO LATE--THERE GOES BRUDER BACK UP THE RIVER--AND HE HASN'T GOT THE BABY!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER--BUT MAYBE WE CAN STILL SAVE THE BABY--COME ON


HEARING A SOUND BEHIND HIM, ZOA, KING OF THE WAHIKA, LEAPS TO HIS FEET, ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY THE UNWAVERING MUZZLE OF A GUN /--------

ZOA, YOU OLD SON-OF-A GUN! AND TO THINK I ALMOST PLUGGED YOU!
JUNGLE JIM---MY FRIEND! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE WIPED OUT CHO FANG!


YES, JIM, BRUDER IS ALL-POWERFUL HERE--WHEN HE TOLD ME TO KEEP THIS INFANT AND BRING IT UP AS A MEMBER OF MY TRIBE I DARED NOT REFUSE--I FEARED, NOT FOR MY LIFE, BUT FOR THE LIVES OF MY PEOPLE---
I'M GOING TO LEAVE MISS PETERS TO CARE FOR THE BABY--I'LL GO BACK AND SEE IF I CAN'T SAVE THE CHILD'S MOTHER
9-15
NEXT WEEK
"THE SWAMPS"!

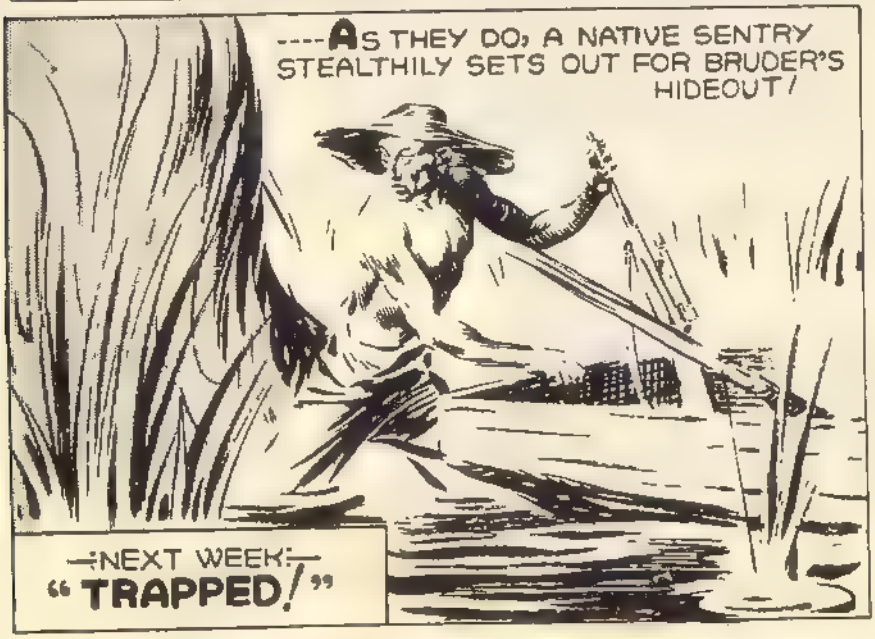
JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

JIM AND JOAN ARRIVE AT WAHIKA VILLAGE TO RESCUE MRS. ROMNEY'S BABY, WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT WITH ZOA, CHIEF OF THE WAHIKA, TO BE BROUGHT UP AS A NATIVE ---JIM RECOGNIZES ZOA AS AN OLD FRIEND------

BRUDER TOLD ME HE TOOK THIS BABY FROM ITS MOTHER AS A MEANS OF REVENGE---
WELL, IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME---BUT I INTEND TO SOLVE IT
I'LL STAY WITH THE BABY TILL YOU GET BACK, JIM--PLEASE BE CAREFUL

I WATCHED LIKE YOU SAID, MASSAH--BRUDER COME BACK DOWN RIVER WITH HIS CREW AND WENT IN SWAMPS
THROW OUR PACKS IN THE CANOE, KOLU--WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT GUY!

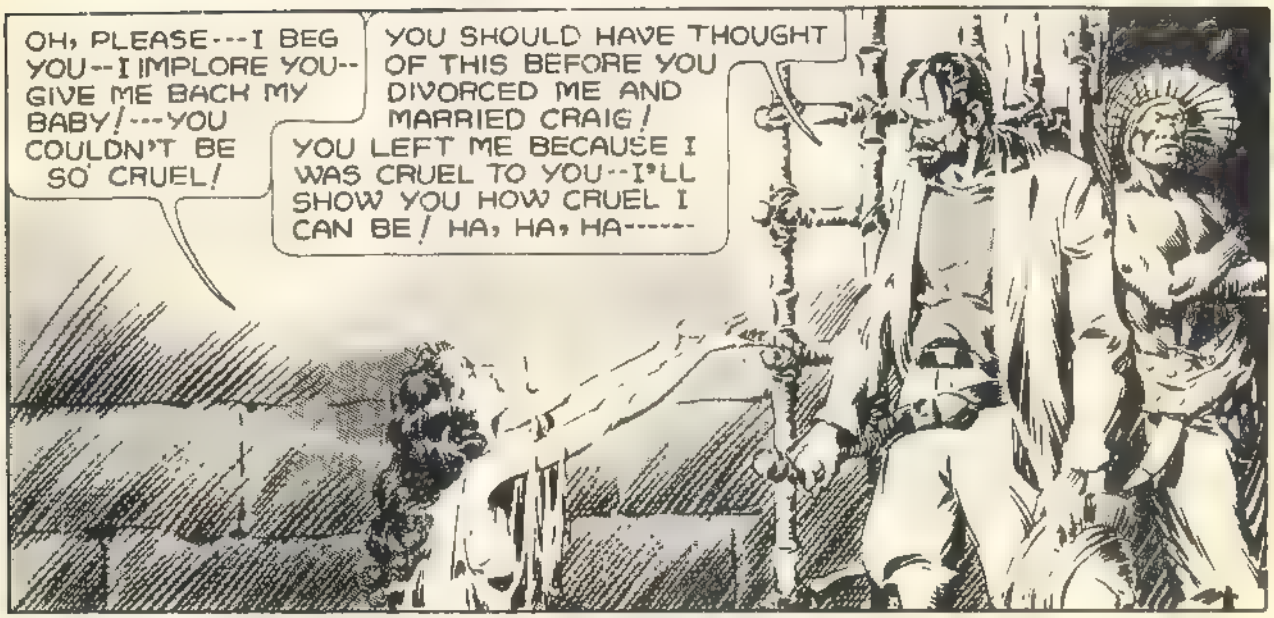
A FEW MINUTES LATER, JIM AND KOLU GUIDE THEIR CANOE INTO THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP ENTRANCE----

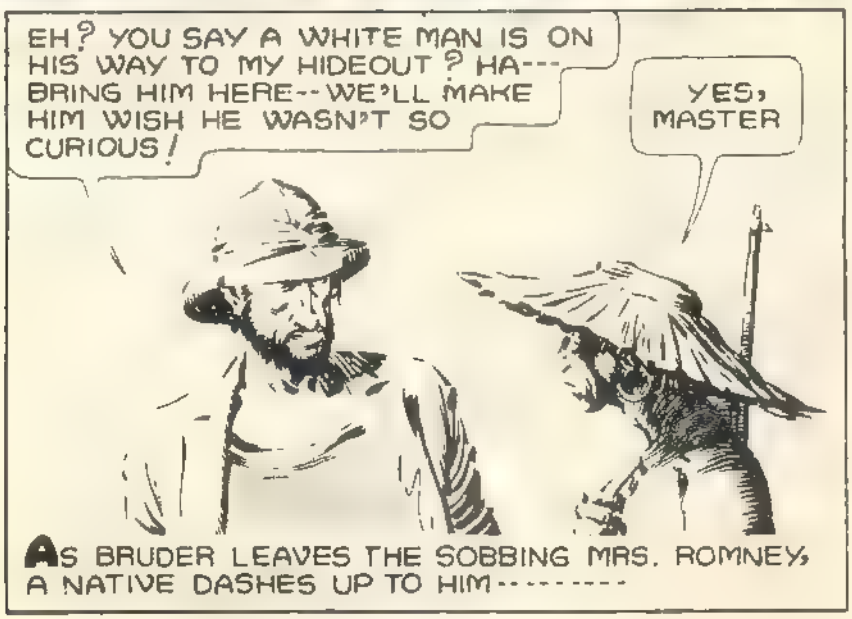


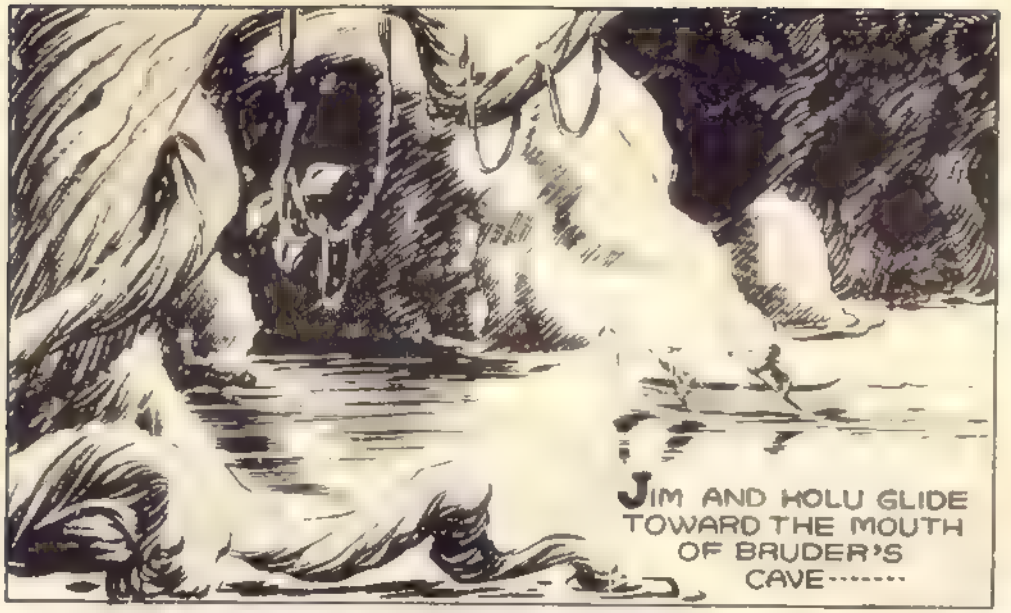
—NEXT WEEK:—
"TRAPPED!"

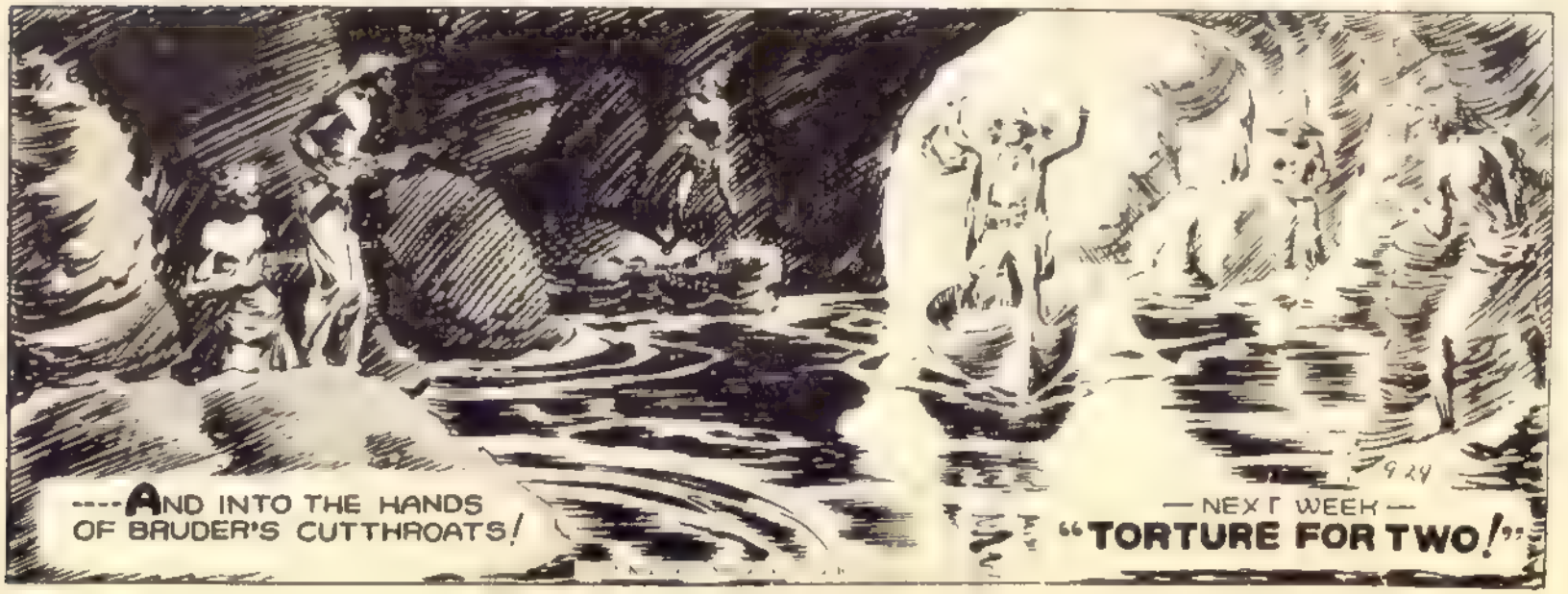
JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

LEAVING JOAN AT WAHIKA VILLAGE TO CARE FOR MRS. ROMNEY'S KIDNAPED BABY, JIM AND KOLU SET OUT FOR BRUDER'S HIDEOUT------ THEY ARE SEEN BY A SENTRY----------


OH, PLEASE---I BEG YOU--I IMPLORE YOU--GIVE ME BACK MY BABY!---YOU COULDN'T BE SO CRUEL!
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE YOU DIVORCED ME AND MARRIED CRAIG! YOU LEFT ME BECAUSE I WAS CRUEL TO YOU--I'LL SHOW YOU HOW CRUEL I CAN BE! HA, HA, HA------


EH? YOU SAY A WHITE MAN IS ON HIS WAY TO MY HIDEOUT? HA---BRING HIM HERE--WE'LL MAKE HIM WISH HE WASN'T SO CURIOUS!
YES, MASTER
AS BRUDER LEAVES THE SOBBING MRS. ROMNEY, A NATIVE DASHES UP TO HIM---------


JIM AND HOLU GLIDE TOWARD THE MOUTH OF BRUDER'S CAVE.....

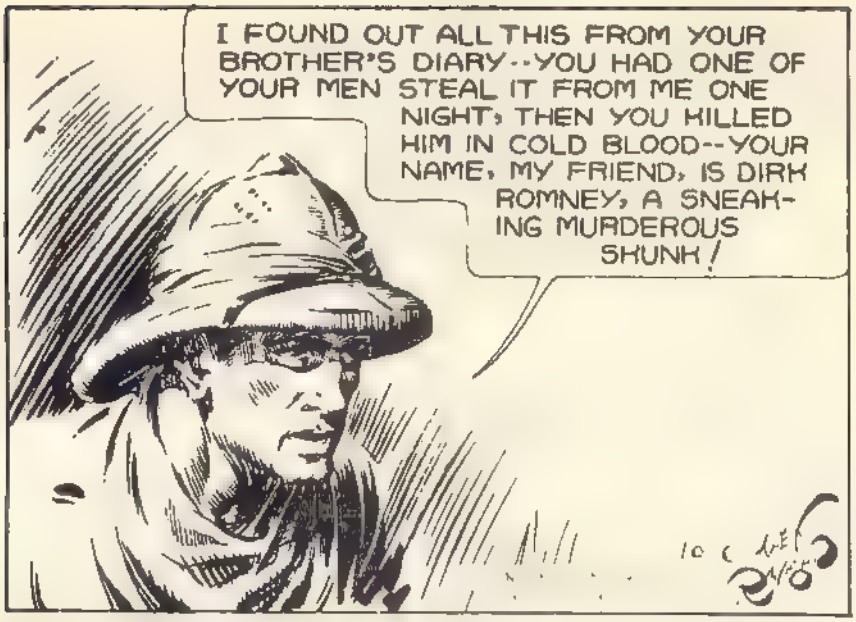

----AND INTO THE HANDS OF BRUDER'S CUTTHROATS!
— NEXT WEEK —
"TORTURE FOR TWO!"

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

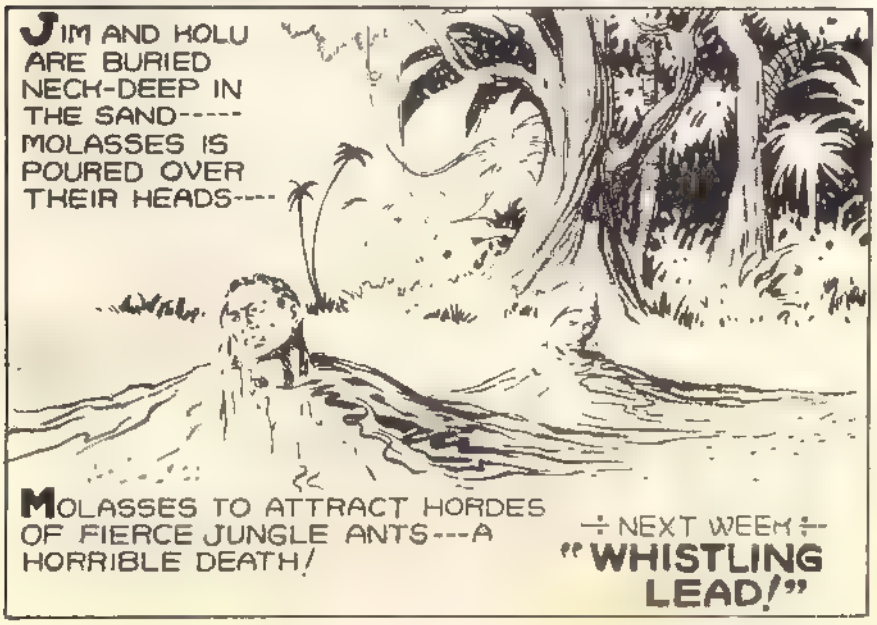
JUNGLE JIM AND KOLU, OUT TO RESCUE PATRICIA ROMNEY, FALL INTO THE HANDS OF HER CAPTORS, HAWK BRUDER AND HIS MURDEROUS BAND OF NATIVE OUTLAWS------

SO--WE HAVE VISITORS! DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS MOST UNHEALTHY TO POKE YOUR NOSE INTO HAWK BRUDER'S BUSINESS?
I OUGHT TO--SEEING AS HOW YOU KILLED A MAN IN ENGLAND, FLED, DESERTING YOUR WIFE, AND JOINED THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION--THEN YOU DESERTED AND CAME TO THE MALAYS-----

DON'T GET DRAMATIC--YOU MURDERED YOUR BROTHER, CRAIG ROMNEY, AND KIDNAPED HIS WIFE, FORMERLY YOUR WIFE, AND THEIR BABY-------
YOU LIE! YOU----!

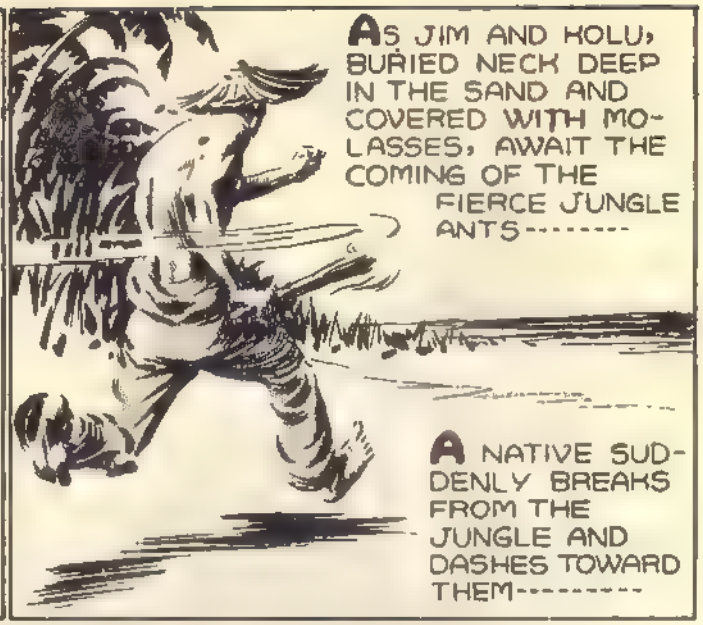

I FOUND OUT ALL THIS FROM YOUR BROTHER'S DIARY--YOU HAD ONE OF YOUR MEN STEAL IT FROM ME ONE NIGHT, THEN YOU KILLED HIM IN COLD BLOOD--YOUR NAME, MY FRIEND, IS DIRK ROMNEY, A SNEAKING MURDEROUS SKUNK!

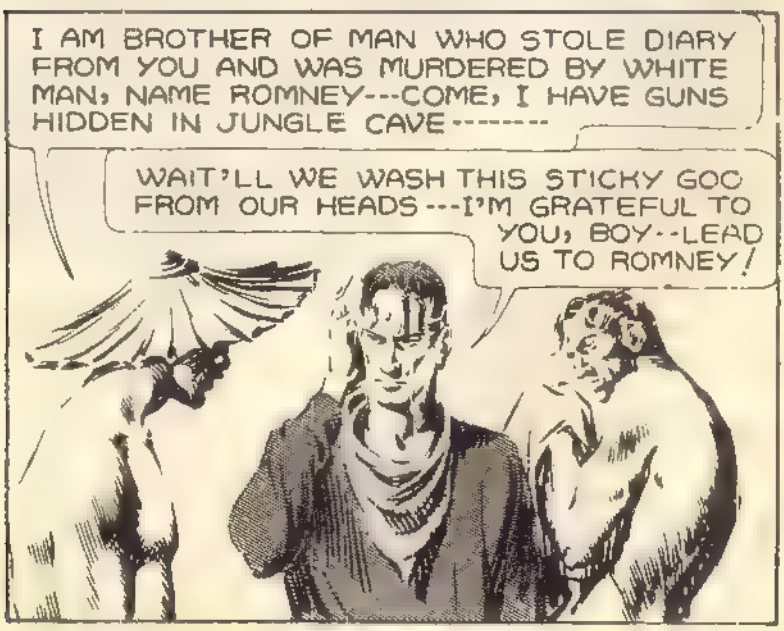
YOU HAVE SAID ENOUGH--NOW IT IS MY TURN--TAKE THESE MEN OUT AND FEED THEM TO THE ANTS!
A TRICK YOU LEARNED FROM THE ARABS, EH? YOU'RE IN TOO DEEP, ROMNEY---
IF I DON'T GET YOU, SOMEONE ELSE WILL!


JIM AND KOLU ARE BURIED NECK-DEEP IN THE SAND---- MOLASSES IS POURED OVER THEIR HEADS----
MOLASSES TO ATTRACT HORDES OF FIERCE JUNGLE ANTS---A HORRIBLE DEATH!
÷ NEXT WEEK ÷-
"WHISTLING LEAD!"

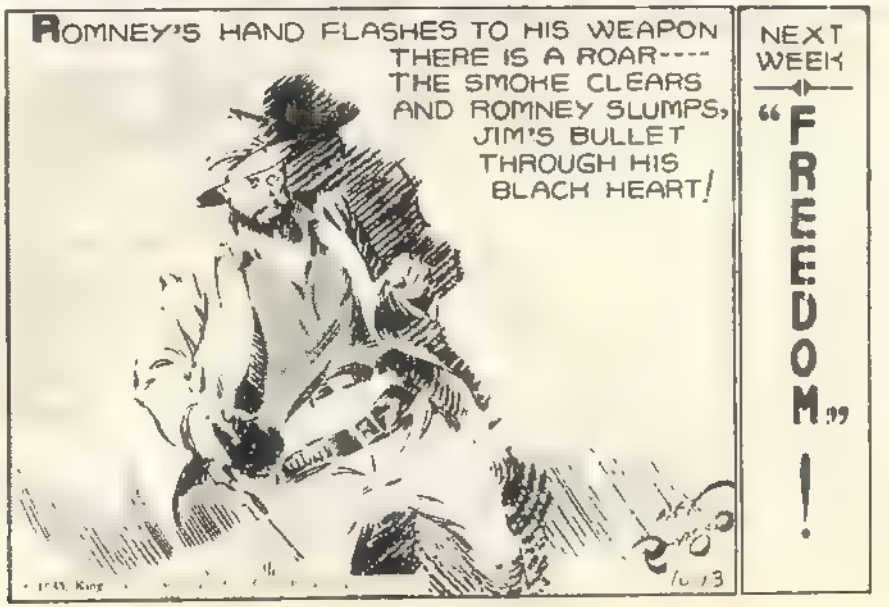
JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

JIM AND KOLU ARE CAPTURED BY HAWK BRUDER--JIM EXPOSES BRUDER AS DIRK ROMNEY, BROTHER OF CRAIG ROMNEY, WHOM HE MURDERED--DIRK ROMNEY ORDERS JIM AND KOLU TORTURED TO DEATH----------


AS JIM AND KOLU, BURIED NECK DEEP IN THE SAND AND COVERED WITH MOLASSES, AWAIT THE COMING OF THE FIERCE JUNGLE ANTS--------
A NATIVE SUDDENLY BREAKS FROM THE JUNGLE AND DASHES TOWARD THEM---------


I AM BROTHER OF MAN WHO STOLE DIARY FROM YOU AND WAS MURDERED BY WHITE MAN, NAME ROMNEY---COME, I HAVE GUNS HIDDEN IN JUNGLE CAVE--------
WAIT'LL WE WASH THIS STICKY GOO FROM OUR HEADS---I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU, BOY--LEAD US TO ROMNEY!

YOU DON'T DESERVE IT, YOU SKUNK, BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN EVEN BREAK---GO FOR YOUR GUN!
HOW DID YOU---------?
JIM AND HIS RESCUER STEAL INTO ROMNEY'S QUARTERS, LEAVING KOLU ON GUARD OUTSIDE


ROMNEY'S HAND FLASHES TO HIS WEAPON THERE IS A ROAR---- THE SMOKE CLEARS AND ROMNEY SLUMPS, JIM'S BULLET THROUGH HIS BLACK HEART!
NEXT WEEK
"FREEDOM"!

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

HAVING DEALT OUT JUNGLE JUSTICE TO DIRK ROMNEY, ALIAS HAWK BRUDER, JIM RESCUES PATRICIA ROMNEY AND THEY ESCAPE BY A SECRET PASSAGE----------

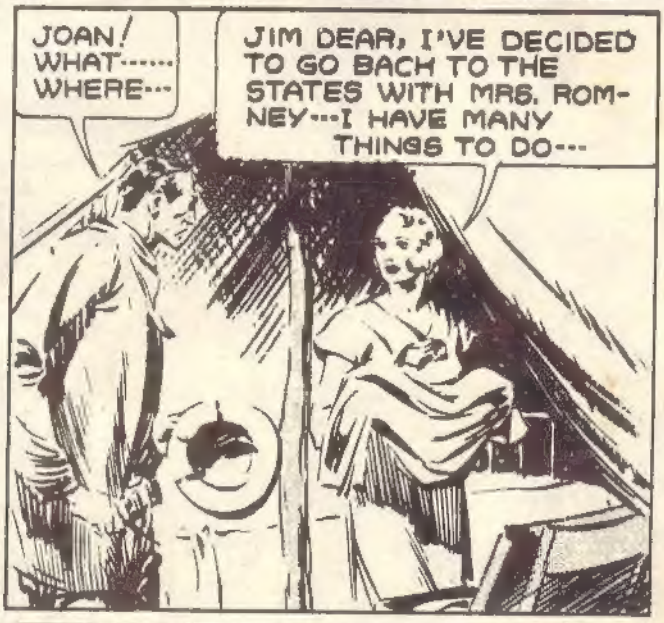
DO YOU THINK MY BABY IS SAFE, JIM?
DON'T WORRY, MRS. ROMNEY--HE'S IN GOOD HANDS--THERE IS WAHIKA VILLAGE AHEAD

IN CHIEF ZOA'S HUT------
YOU'VE DONE NOBLY, JIM----
MY BABY! MY LITTLE BOY!
YOU DIDN'T DO A BAD JOB, YOURSELF, JOAN--WELL, EVERYBODY'S HAPPY AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS
10-30
NEXT *WEEK* BON VOYAGE!

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

Registered U.S. Patent Office

AFTER RESCUING PATRICIA ROMNEY AND HER BABY FROM DIRK ROMNEY, JIM, JOAN AND MRS. ROMNEY RETURN TO JIM'S CAMP---PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE TO ESCORT MRS. ROMNEY TO AN AMERICAN-BOUND STEAMER-.....



WELL----- GEE, JOAN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY---I GUESS I GOT USED TO YOU BEING AROUND---I.....
YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL TO ME, JIM---- YOU'RE THE FINEST, NOBLEST MAN I EVER MET-- KISS ME, JIM..... JUST ONCE----

3 HOURS LATER
I'M GOING TO MISS HER, HOLU
ME, TOO, MASSAH---MISS JOAN TOLD ME TO GIVE THIS TO YOU AFTER THE SHIP LEAVE
10 27
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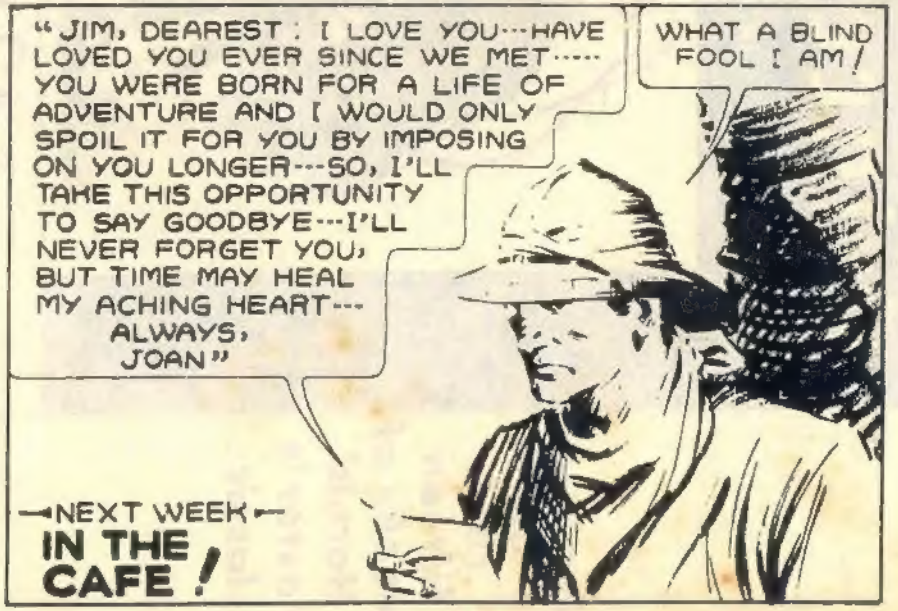
"JIM, DEAREST: I LOVE YOU---HAVE LOVED YOU EVER SINCE WE MET..... YOU WERE BORN FOR A LIFE OF ADVENTURE AND I WOULD ONLY SPOIL IT FOR YOU BY IMPOSING ON YOU LONGER---SO, I'LL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SAY GOODBYE---I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, BUT TIME MAY HEAL MY ACHING HEART--- ALWAYS, JOAN"
WHAT A BLIND FOOL I AM!
NEXT WEEK
IN THE CAFE!

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